THE TATLER.

A RECORD OF BOOKS, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, THEATRICALS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

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PERIODICAL LITERATURE.—TO OUR READERS.

The present state of periodical literature, owing to the number of cheap publications, and the limited degree of attention which readers have been willing to spare from politics, is unprecedented, and cannot long continue; but in the mean time, though the public are gainers in having a great deal of paper and print for their money, and an endless variety from which to choose, individuals are suffering in purse and in mind, as the consequence of the fruitlessness to themselves of all their anxious efforts. It is notorious to those intimately acquainted with the expense attending the cheapest works in circulation, and who know also with tolerable accuracy the proportion of encouragement which they respectively receive, that a majority, perhaps nine tenths of them, do not clear their expenses. And yet they go on, week after week, month after month; for such is the infatuation which attends the publication of a periodical work, that they who once engage in one are rarely induced to abandon it while means can be found to carry it on. To say that they continue until they become hopeless of success would be to understate the case; a man engaged in a periodical is never hopeless, at least while he has pecuniary means; he is the true *Jack Sanguine** of Yates, (whose motto is 'Never give up).' And let it not be too hastily concluded, that there is no reason connected with the hopes which deceive so many to their ruin. In numerous instances, the world has acknowledged afterwards, that works have failed which merited success, but they have failed because their proprietors, from some cause or other, could not command those adventitious aids, without which the best works have no chance, and which, on the other hand, are able to sustain on the current of public favour, works of the most slender pretensions. We have been led into these reflections just now by the partial application of much that we have said to the *Tatler* itself. This Journal from its commencement to the present time has enjoyed a reasonable share of public favour; but from various causes it has never been so profitable to those engaged in it as the exertion bestowed on it, and the entertainment it has been the means of diffusing, have fairly warranted. On this latter point the present Editor may speak freely, because the merit of the work since his Editorship, has been obviously in the contributions with which he has been kindly favored; his superintendance being a sort of accident, which happening to another, and seconded by assistance so valuable, would have had the same results. We should enter into some particulars here, in justice to some of our friends and correspondents, but as we might unconsciously mete out our thanks invidiously, we abstain.

Our immediate purpose is to state, that under existing circumstances, we feel it incumbent on us to make at least a temporary alteration, as to quantity—of words, and therefore, that from Tuesday next the *Tatler* will consist of four pages; but partial amends will be made by enlarging the columns, and this, with the omission (lately) of theatrical bills, and some other arrangements connected with the printing, which will be better appreciated on perusal than by previous explanation, will leave the reader no great deal less for his money than he has been accustomed to, though the saving will be important to ourselves. The *Tatler* will appear as usual, three times a week; no Number, we trust, will be worth less than a penny, and we know that many, unless some of our friends desert us, which is unlikely, will leave the obligation very much on the side of the purchaser.

* We are not sure of this name.

GLANCES AT NEW BOOKS.

Poland, Homer, and other Poems. London; Longman, 1832, p. 117.

INDIFFERENT poetry has so glutted the market of late, and so little has merited particular attention, that it is quite refreshing to meet with a volume, which with modest pretension, possesses superior merits. Such is the present volume; the author, be he known or unknown, young or old, displays a fervent imagination, elegant and smooth versification, and language correct and forcible. We could point out not a few stanzes, but seldom surpassed by our best modern poets, whose names are sufficient to stamp originality, and secure approbation, though many of their ephemeral productions are deserving of no such meed. It would be invidious to dwell upon comparisons, as it is only with the pages before us that we have now to do. Our notice is rather tardy, indeed we have but lately procured the work, otherwise we should have been more impatient to introduce it to our readers. There is often little but sound in invocations. In the following ines, which are the commencement of the poem on Poland, the sound is fine, but happily there is sense as well: it does not lose on a second reading:—

'Spirit of Freedom, shadow of the God
Whom nations worship when he walks abroad;
Shadow, yet light, to which we turn our eyes,
When chafed by wrongs, or smote by miseries;
Guardian of truth, without whose aid our life
Would be a warfare of eternal strife—
Where hast thou hid thy face and veil'd thy brow?
The hearts of men are searching for thee now.'

The following passage is dignified and fervent; the effusion of a soul alive to sympathy, the purest, the noblest, and the tenderest of which the human bosom is susceptible:—

'Thou desolated widow! fold the veil,
There is no ear to hearken to thy tale;
There is no refuge, no deserted shed,
To screen from blasts, and furious storms thy head;
The wounded bird can flutter to its nest,
But thou hast no such dwelling place of rest;
Thou hast no friend to bid thee to his hall,
Thou hast no kinsman to avenge thy fall;
The monarchs of the earth have past thee by
Nor deigned to look upon thy misery.
Go then and weep upon thy childrens grave,
They died for thee the beautiful and brave!
Go thou and weep at early dawn of morn,
Go thou and weep when glooming clouds are shorn
Of their day radiance, and the evening star,
Above the dark blue mountains glimmers far—
Go thou and weep—no planet of bright hope
Hath the ascendant in thy horoscope;—
Hard fate hath filled for thee her greatest cup
And forc'd thee to the dregs to quaff it up;
She hath no deadlier poison to bestow,
Go thou and weep, thou need'st not fear thy foe.'

We had marked several more passages for quotation, but must for the present terminate here; not however without recommending the volume to the perusal of all lovers of poetry and good feeling. C. H.

THE LATE MR BENTHAM.

[The perusal of the following letter has given us a melancholy pleasure; unable ourselves to write anything worthy of such a man as Bentham, we have felt our paper honoured by so finely-spirited a testimony as we here present to our readers.]

TO THE TATLER.

DEAR SIR,—You will have heard of the decease of that venerable patriarch, Jeremy Bentham, Esq. at his residence in Queen square place, on Wednesday evening last. I saw him about an hour after he had breathed his last, and never have I seen death look more amiable and lovely. I have gazed with intense enjoyment on many objects in nature, and on many of the mimic productions of nature-inspired art, but I did not think to linger with a tenderness over the work of death similar to what I have felt at the cradle of sleeping infancy. In death, even as in life, intelligence and benevolence, free from the faintest shade either of weakness or austerity, distinguished every feature of his beautiful countenance. That beautiful countenance will soon be obliterated, but his spirit cannot be obliterated. The same intelligence and benevolence will continue to beam from his writings, and instruct and bless mankind to the remotest ages. Strange it is, that the dissolution of Bentham and our emancipation from the dominion of the tyrannical oligarchy, which has so long usurped our rights and brought our beloved country to the brink of ruin, should have been almost simultaneous—as if his spirit had been summoned to take a wider range, to extend itself with the extention of our liberties, and secure to mankind the exercise of those social virtues, and the enjoyment of those social blessings, which can be the fruits only of an all-considering and all-responsible government. Let those who do not sympathize with me in veneration for this great man, who know but little of his life or writings, but are not unwilling to know more,

'whose souls, the voice
Of truth and goodness has not ceased to charm,'

possess themselves but of that small pamphlet, 'The

Parliamentary Candidates' Declaration of his Principles;"* a tract which cannot be too widely disseminated at the present crisis, and they will not think the veneration for the character of Jeremy Bentham can be expressed too ardently.

Let not a sigh escape thy breast,
Nor down thy cheek a tear-drop roll;
For him, whose sacred ashes rest,
Bereft of their bright soul.

He is not dead—he is not dead—
That soul is only wider spread,
Than o'er the human face divine,
Where we were wont to see it shine.

List to the soul-exciting song
Of Liberty, our verdant hills among;
And at the head of every patriot band,
Behold the shade of Bentham stand.

See how his presence puts to flight
The tyrant and the hypocrite;
In gloomy clouds they glide away,
And leave to England bright and endless day.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

☞

This distinguished man died on Wednesday last at his house in Queen square place, Westminster, in the 85th year of his age.

There are few men whose works have been objects of more contemptuous attacks, or more sincere admiration; but if the progress of his fame during the latter years of his life be an indication for the future, we may predict that the defects of his style and manner will be soon disregarded, and that the honour and fruits of his rare intellectual qualities will last for ever.

That the direct and indirect influence of Mr Bentham's works have already been more important than those of any modern works on jurisprudence, cannot be denied by those who may most disparage them. They have had the effect of completely changing, within the last thirty years, the prevailing opinions of this country on the whole system of its jurisprudence—and this, if not without any appeal to popular passions, without producing any effect through that agency; for no works of reputation have been less read by the multitude anywhere, and nowhere less read than in England. By the mere force of his mind he has succeeded in shaking opinions on prejudices which the most industrious, and subtle, and influential men in the country upheld with little less than religious zeal.

Boldness, and originality, and inventiveness, feebly express the character of his mind. On questions of jurisprudence ever thing before him might be said to be made up of traditional opinions. The respect for precedents had insinuated itself into speculation. He at once shook himself free from all trammels, and applied a vigorous and inventive mind and sanguine temper to the subject, as if the field were clear of everything but recorded facts, and as if there were no tests for trying laws but the common principles of human nature and the every day practice of life. That he has opened so many views entirely new on subjects on which the acutest minds have in some sort been occupied for two or three thousand years, would in itself be no mean praise. But his opinions have not merely novelty to recommend them: they have, though enunciated in the most repulsive manner, been gradually making their way into all cultivated minds. He superadded to this inventiveness an acuteness in detecting sophistry, which, even apart from other qualities, would have made the fame of an inferior man.

The defects of his writings have apparently grown out of the same boldness of his mind—the confidence which time had given him in his own powers; and the contempt which he felt for sophistries, which he tore to tatters, induced him to rate the benefit of experience and opinions of practical men below their just value; and his sanguine temper often led him to attach undue importance to the least valuable parts of his labours. But his defects as a writer are obvious enough, and have been fully enough exposed, and we have no time to do justice to his merits.

In private he was a man of blameless life, of great vivacity and cheerfulness.—*Globe.*

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

Formerly the mechanic and labourer had no means of acquiring knowledge, save by books, which were often too abstruse for his understanding, and too expensive for his pocket; and his leisure hours were consequently worse than unprofitably employed, in Bacchanalian revels, to the ruin of his morals, health, and happiness, the destruction of the better feelings of his heart, and the encouragement of dissensions and quarrels. But now how different! By the establishment of Mechanics' Institutions, amusement is so discriminately blended with learning as to render it an agreeable pastime; and not to the poor mechanic or labourer only are they of benefit; they take a wider range, and the better classes may with advantage attend them; and to the attention of the rising generation especially, they ought to be earnestly recommended. I will instance the Institution in Southampton Buildings, which is, I believe, the principal one, being extensively supported and encouraged: it combines within itself an excellent library of standard works, a Museum, a commodious reading-room, and a capacious theatre for lectures; besides which, it has the advantage of schools, conducted on excelleht principles! And to participate in the benefit of all these, it is only necessary to appropriate a very trifling sum quarterly (about six shillings, I believe.) The lectures are delivered twice a week, by professors of established reputation; and it is a satisfaction to its promoters and supporters, that they

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are numerously attended by attentive audiences. I have often derived great pleasure in observing ladies present, who, by the attention they paid to the proceedings, set an excellent example, and one calculated to harmonize and elevate the feelings of all.

DE B.

THURSDAY'S EPSOM AND FRESH AIR.

TO THE TATLER.

DEAR TATLER,—When I go to a race, 'tis not to bet, 'tis not to be absorbed by who wins or who loses;—no, I go for the pure pleasure of seeing our noble animals dart over the ground in eager emulation; to feast my eyes with the hundreds of brilliant equipages, radiant with lovely faces; the symmetry of our youthful equestrians, in all the pomp and circumstance of a fine day's turn-out for a favourite and truly national sport: but these are the minor though component parts of a luxurious whole. The invitingly picturesque roads, winding along parks, lawns, neat villages, thick set with these splendid equipages, not the less delightful from their variety of excellence; from the swell drag and greys of a Stanhope, to the dashing tilbury of a *Tullamore*, or well-horsed tax-cart of a *Hodge*. The very waggons and charadans fill up the measure of my content, by their jolly, good-natured, laughing inmates, comfortably stowed (hat and bonnet alternate) who care nothing for the *extra* hour they take on the road, while they have the fun of seeing all the gorgeous array pass them in review. These ambulating *quasi fixtures* we dash by; lawn succeeds lawn; the trained honeysuckle and rose along the front of neat *boxes* and cottages, whose windows gleam with pretty faces, fly behind, and are replaced by more ample paddocks or parks, clothed in graceful elm and oak,—more and imposing architecture; then bustling towns and crowds of eager faces; and anon, we whirl again amidst fragrant hedges and a rural comfort; look at the universal loveliness of the scene, right and left, far as the eye can reach! wrapped in delicious verdure; while the soft fragrance wafted o'er hill and dale fills up the measure of this at once intellectual and physical treat; the country and green fields are attained,—the *country*, as quiet in its charms as if an hundred miles from town, instead of only seventeen.

I was incontinently put in the inside of a swell drag, and was preparing to repine at not getting a seat outside, when lo, about two o'clock, it came down in torrents for about ten minutes, on the race-course; and I blessed my stars, having neither umbrella nor great-coat. I trembled for the gay Parisian bonnets and their waving glories; but they were all drawn in, like snails, to reassert their empire for the whole of a most glorious afternoon. The rain of the week had been partial, and this heavy shower did a general good,—what *partial evil*, let milliners relate—and be joyful! The Derby started late (three o'clock); the running was nicely together, and a tremendous pace nearly all the way, except three *lag-lasts*. But St Giles had it, with Margrave and Trustee close at his (or her) heels; for I am not knowing in horse-flesh, and never asked a question; though it seems Trustee won back the credit he partially lost among the knowing ones, and many a cool hundred and thousand was lost —'the field against St Giles!' I got down from my perch to explore—pretty faces! Oh, what loves were there! How very many, so blooming, that I would have bet—aye, bet a hundred,—they did not belong to the ball, concert, and opera-going fashionables of town;—'Tis not that our fine creatures here are not charming—but the pure lilies and roses of the sylvan shades—where they burst from their respective lawns—(some gate opens, out drives a barouche canopied with parasols!)—I say these loves have a sparkling dewy freshness of look that is (or am I only deceived!) beyond the reach of the 'Fair of May Fair!' Well, no matter, this was only to be found out by prying about between carriages, under perches, and many a devious winding on that *knoll* of rich luxury, opposite the Grand Stand, which in itself reflected back even a thicker set cluster of elegance and beauty. How my heart swelled when I looked on this scene, which might indeed challenge the world—(put them altogether!)—to match, I care not in what, and will make no sort of exception. I am younger by a good month for this day's airing out of the smoke of town, and the revival of my jaded-in-politics ideas. Here there were no politics, heaven be thanked! We were all glorious and loving Britons: and it gave me pleasure to see the gallant Marquis of L———y on the dickey of his princely carriage and four, while the interior was filled with the first fashion and beauty, looking as pleased and happy, as if no such thing had ever been heard of as 'Reform.' And now we have it, may it indeed only make us all, of whatever shade of thought, but the more united and prosperous.

ZERO.

The following epitaph on Mary Queen of Scots is to be found in the Harleian MS. 681:—

'Issued from kings, I greatened kings, and kingly crowns have worne;
Thrice wedded, thrice a widow, I three kingdoms have foregone.
The French my wealth, the Scot my birth, the English hath my tomb.'

New Monthly Magazine.

MURAT, WAR AND WARRIORS.

TO THE TATLER.

SIR,—I have to complain of a little unfairness on the part of Colonel Macerone. He says, 'the "heavy wooden ramrod" is neither mine nor the Reviewer's, but belongs to Junius.' He is correct; I have examined the quotation, and find that it is 'heavy ramrod in lieu of a hammer.' I had interpolated unwittingly the 'wooden,' having no idea that persons understanding the matter, would still use iron ramrods for rifles. But still, this carping upon a word savours of special pleading, on the part of the Colonel, and should not have been resorted to; it is unworthy of him. With regard to other mechanical matters, I shall just leave them where they stand, for the consideration of your readers, both sides having 'said their say.' On the matter of rifles, I am about to send an article to the 'Mechanics' Magazine,' and shall be glad to meet the Colonel therein, as a more appropriate field; for I fear the TATLER readers have been already too much afflicted with technical discussion.

With regard to Murat, it is not yet disproved that, like an 'Irish jontleman,' he was fond of fighting for the sake of fighting, even when there was no necessity for fighting on public grounds, but merely for his own individual gratification; at least so said his master Napoleon, who had no motive for propagating an untruth. He might not like butchering his enemies in cold blood, and moreover might be merciful to them when they were yielded; but what does all this prove? That when everybody pleaded to being afraid of him, he became grumblingly peaceable, walking about, as *Cloten* says, 'like a cock whom nobody could match.' Even fighting Fitzgerald did not shoot people sitting, or till they 'bit their thumbs at him.' But I complain that Paladin Murat went about biting his thumb at everybody, armed like a Jack the Giant-killer, with a sword of sharpness, and (horse) of swiftness, suffering nobody to be quiet till they acknowledged themselves beaten, and knowing all the time, that the chances in combat were all in his own favour. Had his opponents been wise, they would have followed the method of Napoleon, bringing the cross-fire of a whole battery to bear upon him at once, effectually to accomplish his disintegration.

'Ten thousand men have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no breathing man but——(Prince Murat).'

This probably he would have called unfair, as the Paladin Orlando, armed in impenetrable mail, killed a man in battle, for using a gun which gave him a treacherous advantage over his enemies. There is no doubt of the courage of Murat. Courage grows by practice; and when a man has been repeatedly amidst a shower of balls without getting hit, he acquires imperceptibly something of the doctrine of fatalism. This courage has been common to many soldiers as well as Murat; though not being so gaily clad, they did not *far furore*. The man who fights for liking, without a just motive for fighting, I conceive deserves the epithet of 'ferocious' just as much as a lion, or tiger, or bull-dog, gamecock, or any other animal, down to a cock-robin, which latter also has been somewhat overpraised. The Egyptian anecdote is a proof that Murat liked a 'gladiator fight;' a mere chess-playing general would have ordered his men to take the Mameluke prisoner; but Murat wished to do a little chivalry, to shew the Mamelukes how well he could fight. The leading the assault at St Jean d'Acre is marked by the same feeling. He could afford to spare a vanquished enemy, when the battle was won at the loss of many lives. This is something like Robin Hood generosity, stealing an hundred bezants, to give away a groat in charity. The plain question is, what business had Murat in Egypt at all? It was part of the process of fighting his way to a crown, or any other waif or stray he might light upon.

'When he became a King, he established the Code Napoleon in his dominions.' This means, that he became a King of slaves, and then vouchsafed, agreeable to the practice of his master, that equal justice should be administered between slave and slave, he himself being wholly beyond it. Men, and money, and absolute power being at his disposal, he could afford to leave his people at their own disposal in everything else. Why what a farce all this is! Colonel Macerone can scarcely mean to affirm that the French people were better off under the rule of Napoleon, than England was even under the brutal rule of the Tories. The rule of Napoleon gave no hope of redemption but by violence. The English constitution always kept the word of promise to the ear, though it broke it to the sense; and in the principle of election there was the germ of freedom which has since brought forth fruit. 'Cheap, equal, and prompt justice' is of great importance to the community, but it is not 'of greater importance than any other thing whatever.' The thing of the highest importance is, *that the people at large should have an ultimate controul over their rulers*; that the club should have the power of dispossessing their chairman, in case of misbehaviour. Power, legally irresponsible, is tyranny, and such was the power of Napoleon, and all those holding under him. While their dominion lasted, they could afford to laugh at, and to pardon the conspiracies of the adherents of broken-up dynasties, more generally disliked than their own.

'The lion treads not upon carcases.'

And it would not have been wise for the *parvenu* order of Kings to imitate the generally abhorred practices of those whom they had displaced. They sought to found new dynasties, and it was their business to please their subjects, just as the third *Richard* assented to popular measures in Parliament, being what is called an usurper. Napoleon, *et id genus omne*, was a good fellow when he was pleased; and had

'No objection to true liberty,
Except that it would make the people free.'

If a tyrant must hold the power, I should prefer Napoleon to Nicholas, upon the principle of the proverb, 'Of two evils choose the least;' but I had rather do without a tyrant, and take the chance even of anarchy instead. Out of confusion good order may arise; but when order is once established in evil, 'hope deferred is apt to make the heart sick.'

The great object of Napoleon was to found an empire, to spread like that of Rome over the whole world, and by similar means—the sword. Had France remained a military *republic*, it might have been kept up for a longer period, but confined to an individual and his family, the trick was sooner seen through. Napoleon was substituted for the Senate, and Joseph Napoleon, and Jerome Napoleon, and Louis Napoleon, and Joachim Napoleon, and the rest of the Napoleons, were the prætors and proconsuls of the far-reaching emperor. The evils abounding

in the ancient governments, led the different nations of Europe to welcome anything which came in the shape of a change, and the promise of free institutions rendered them the friends of the conqueror of Italy. He had but to vanquish the armies of the tyrants, and the nations, one after the other, opened their arms to him. He deceived them; they found that they had but changed one despotism for another, and that freedom was farther than ever from their reach. The Holy Alliance took advantage of their disappointment, and promised them the sought-for boon, as a recompence for again displacing the *parvenu*. The nations were unwise. They took the promises of kings, and deemed that they were current coin. They fought the battle, the tyrant lay bound and helpless, and when they claimed their reward, they were again mocked with broken promises. They, however, well learned one lesson, which was well worth all their sufferings and disappointment. Never again to put trust in kings. 'Children are amused with promises, men with oaths,' said Philip of Macedon, and from him down to the latest king, that principle has been acted on. 'Put not your trust in princes!' saith the Scripture, and deeply have men suffered for their breach of the divine command. They will not sin again. The mocking empire of Napoleon and his proconsuls has passed away, and it is but a type of what has yet to follow.

Colonel Macerone accuses me of wishing for a 'Monopoly of philanthropy.' Far from it! In such a matter I shall be well pleased to be in a crowd; and the larger the crowd, and the greater my own consequent insignificance, the greater will be my delight. I loathe bloodshed. The Colonel sneers at my approbation of virtue. Does he really think 'cakes and ale' a fitting type of bloodshed. Can it be a thing to make merry over, as the vulgar quaintly phrase forth their sensual pleasures by 'lamb and salad.' Let me not be misunderstood. I hold that there may be occasions on which it may be lawful to shed blood, not by the hands of hirelings, but in person.

'It is the cause, it is the *cause* my soul. That sanctifies the deed.'

'War's a brain-spattering wind-pipe slitting art,
Unless the cause by *right* be sanctified.'

For country, for family, for liberty, saying nothing of mere existence, I will at all times freely jeopard my life, and 'shed blood enough;' but not as a hireling or as the wearer of a livery; and I will not agree that Washington and Hampden shall be ranked in the same list with dubious characters, or self-dubbed patriots; which word has occasionally been prostituted to the basest of mankind. Aristides was a great man, or he would not have earned the epithet 'just.' Themistocles was an ambitious man. Camillus fought well for his country, such as it was; and I for one, am glad that he beat back the Gauls, because—they were *invaders;* but we cannot forget that he fought for a race of banditti, who claimed a right to oppress the whole world by the power of the sword. Hampden was truly a noble man, equally *sans peur et sans reproche;* but Washington was the greatest man of ancient or modern time, both as to mental integrity and prosperous career. The earth holds not a parallel example. He fought for justice, without suffering enthusiasm to lead him astray, or to warp his judgment. With the qualities of a great general, and the bravery of a soldier, he never suffered the desire of personal fame to interfere with the mature plans he had laid down for the liberation of his country. He won the freedom of his country with the strong hand, and he then threw down his sword to become her legislator. Having built up the name and fortunes of a nation, destined to become the most powerful in the known world, he again retired into private life amidst the admiration of his countrymen, and without a single unworthy imputation resting upon his honoured name. Shall Bolivar take place in the same niche as this great man? No no.

Bolivar wore an uniform, sword, and epaulets; but he was no General; he was merely a political intriguer, cold-hearted and ambitious. Whether he was brave or not, is of little consequence, but he shed blood with as little remorse, as if he had been an old Spaniard, instead of a Creole. He had no high principle. He became a patriot because it offered him a chance for advancement he could never have attained in the Spanish service; and as for sacrificing his fortune to his country, as it is called, it was a gambling stake. His military talents were so poor, that he was constantly unsuccessful in his career, and the victories which gave him the title of the 'Liberator' were won by others. The closing battle, which shut out Spain for ever from Peru, at Ayacucho, was won by Sucre and Miller, while Bolivar himself was in Lima. The castles of Callao held out for months against him, meanwhile, long after a man of ordinary talents would have forced their surrender. But he was fighting them by intrigue. I was in the Republic of Bolivia, while he and the agents of the mining companies were trying which should cheat the other, in negociating for some worn out mines, as if they had all been gamblers on a race-course. But the 'Liberator' failed to liberate the hard dollars he was looking out for, from their clutches. He was a political trickster, impenetrable to anything but interest. And the last few years of his life—how were they passed? In trying to get himself made Emperor of Columbia, and the concoction of plots to remove his political enemies. He lived for himself alone, making patriotism a stalking horse to ambition, and he died unregretted. When the events of his life are gathered together, and all the facts and motives assembled and duly weighed, the impartial historian will not pronounce him either a hero or a true patriot. His career was, on the whole, successful, but it was the success of the times in which he lived, not of his individual genius.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald was a good, amiable, and enthusiastic man, rendered remarkable, by being found in a career distinct from the caste to which he belonged; taking the part of the oppressed against the oppressors. He was an enthusiast, a creature of feeling, but he was no more. He would have fought for the freedom of Ireland, because it was his country; but he would probably have fought for Ireland right or wrong, without much reflection on the matter, like a large portion of his enthusiastic countrymen. Stern judgment was evidently not his attribute, or he would not have been found in the ranks of despotism, fighting against freedom in America. And without stern judgment, how can a man be fitted to be the leader of others in a noble enterprize? He at best only realizes the portraiture drawn by Moore of Hafed in the 'Fire Worshippers:'

'One, who no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul's adored,
For happy homes and altars free;
His only talisman, the sword,
His only spell-word, Liberty!'

But Hafed failed, and so did Lord Edward, and so will most others, who do not take sundry other qualifications

to their assistance. Hampden could fight, but his voice wrought more in the council than did his blade, or the blade of any iron-sided warrior in the battle-field. Of Kosciusco we know but little; we know that he was a gallant warrior of Freedom's fight; but alas! Poland has not, for more than one age, been a theatre for the exhibition of the higher orders of intellects. More than valour is required to free a country, or Poland would not now be a slave; but be that as it may, honour to Kosciusco!

The Colonel has mistaken the import of my Scripture quotation. It does not imply that bloodshedders *shall* fall by human hands, but that they *ought* so to fall.

I remain, Sir, yours very truly,

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

June 6, 1832.

HOPE!

THERE is a pure and radiant beam
Diffused to all—a passing dream—
Supporting man in every grief—
A never-failing, sure relief.
Bright Hope!

When chilling absence rends the breast,
How shall the ardent lover rest?
What balm can soothe a lover's pain?
What whispers—'we shall meet again'?
Bright Hope!

What cheers the gallant warrior's heart,
When forced from all he loves to part,
When duty points to distant soil,
'Mid raging war's destructive toil?
Bright Hope!

When whispering winds with mournful sigh
Foretell a withering storm is nigh,—
What nerves the anxious sailor's arm,
What lessens each renewed alarm?
Bright Hope!

What calms a tender mother's grief,
What yields her bursting heart relief,
When a sweet babe from earth has flown,
And she is left to weep alone?
Bright Hope!

And when released from earthly strife,
The Christian yields his weary life,
What draws his closing eyes above,—
What fills his soul with heavenly love?
Bright Hope!

C. W.

THEATRICALS.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.

THERE were two new pieces here last night. Of the first *Speculation*, we can say no more than that it relates to a scheme of a young adventurer to raise money by taking a country house, and afterwards securing to a friend of his, the hand of a young lady, the niece of the landlady. We did not see this piece, but heard that it passed off successfully. The other, *The Best of Husbands*, is a turning of the tables on an amorous old rake, *Major Van Voorst* (Williams) by a sprightly young widow, *Madame Van Voorst* (Miss C. Crisp) whom he has married; and who finding that he still makes love to every woman he meets, contrives to ensnare him into an assignation with herself under another name. He attends to an invitation sent to him, and to his great chagrin and torment is introduced to an old Baroness, aged 93, who besieges him with love in a very gallant style. In the course of the interview, she rouses the old fellow's jealousy by showing him a miniature, which she says is that of a lady whom her husband (a false man too) is then gone to visit. The Major flusters and vows vengeance, and is impatient to get out of the house; but he has yet to receive another surprise, in encountering in the same house, his brother, *Captain Van Voorst* (Selby) who tells him that he is pursuing a love adventure with the Baroness's sister or friend, a young handsome woman. The lady makes her appearance veiled, and the Major is enraptured with her beauty; and it is so managed afterwards, that while he is seated in a summer-house waiting to breakfast with the handsome lady, he shall see the Captain enter with her; address her with all the ardour of love, and suddenly discover, to his amazement and distraction, that the lady is his own wife. To add to his vexation, a sliding door is let go, and he cannot get out to vent his rage better than by pelting them with whatever he can lay hands on. Things being now come to the worst, they begin to mend; the Major gets some useful lessons read to him; is satisfied that his young wife is faithful, and had resorted to disguise, only to cure his folly, and in fine he promises to be, *in future, The Best of Husbands*. Severe criticism would be out of place on these unpretending burlettas, which accomplish their aim if they amuse and fall into no worse faults than a little extravagance of plot or incident. *The Best of Husbands* was fully successful up to this point; and as it is very fairly played, will, no doubt, run on for some time. A Miss C. Crisp, who played the wife, is an acquisition to the thea-

tre; she plays with spirit, and has moreover the advantages of a good face and figure.

There was an alarm of fire at the commencement, occasioned by a woman, who is allowed to sell refreshments for the visitors, lighting a fire behind the pit, which blazed up, and was seen from within the house. There was the usual rushing out and screaming; but after assurances from the stage that there was no ground for alarm, it soon subsided, and people returned to their seats and forgot their fright in laughter.

Westminster Theatre.

The Times very justly complimented the inhabitants of Westminster, on the march of intellect evinced by their erecting a theatre, and substituting Shakspeare and Scott for dog fights and bear baiting: we visited this 'latest novelty' in the dramatic world a few evenings ago; it is a small neat theatre, though evidently unfinished, the performers and performances do not aspire to greatness, but they amount to respectability. Against any attempts upon *Richard the Third*, we certainly warn the company; they play farces pleasantly enough. The *Bee Hive* and *Illustrious Stranger* were each of them well produced. Dodd (from the Strand theatre) is the pillar of the comic department, he played *Mingle* and *Boubell* capitally. Mr Hughes, who sustained Harley's character of the *Embalmer*, also possesses tact and humour; there are some pretty dancers, and a ballet was very tastefully gotten up. The Wesminster theatre is now, what the Sans Pareil was 20 years since—a place of innocent and moral recreation, and it is one of the signs of the times, that the galleries here are as orderly as some few years since they were at our patent theatres

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Box-keeping Abuses.—The *Globe*, after quoting our paragraph with the above head, adds the following case in point:—'Last night at Covent-garden, *after* the first act, two whole boxes in the dress circle were kept vacant, although several gentlemen applied to be admitted; but as they did not choose to "come down" with a fee, they were not let in. It is useless to judge from the box-sheet, as the keepers write names in pencil therein, when the boxes are not taken at all; indeed, it is nothing strange to find Mr Browne, or Mr Jones, night after night, occupying whole boxes—at least on paper.'

We have heard that a popular actress, distinguished by her successful 'management,' who is now 'starring it' for eight nights at one of the minors, receives 40*l.* sterling for each evening's performance. We are assured that the receipts on the first night of her engagement amounted to only 41*l.*, and that she pocketed out of this sum the amount for which she stipulated to act, thus leaving a balance of 1*l.* for the expenses of the house.—*Morning Paper.*

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'This unpretending little volume deserves a place with Goldsmith's pathetic "Deserted Village.' It is calculated, perhaps, to be of more real service to the poor, than that justly celebrated production, since the scenes it describes are not imaginary—they are true pictures of the actual state of society, in too many parts of this island. Most heartily do we recommend "The Village Poor-House" to the Perusal of the Public at large, as a humane, enlightened, and highly poetical production.'—Dispatch.

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Theatrical Register.

Performances Commence—At the Italian Opera, on Tuesday, at ½ past 8: the doors are opened one hour before.—Drury Lane—Covent Garden—Olympic—City—7.—Queen's—Adelphi—New Strand—½ before 7.—Surrey—Sadler's Wells—½ past 6.—Coburg—½ past 6.—*The doors are opened half an hour before the time of commencing.*

For JUNE 9th and 11th.

COVENT GARDEN.

No Performance.
The Quaker—Artaxerxes—The Padlock.

HAYMARKET.

No Performance.
King Lear—John Jones—Peeping Tom.

ADELPHI.

Mr Mathews at Home! when he will have the honor to publish the Third Volume of his Comic Annual for the Year 1832.

NEW STRAND.

No Performance.
Speculation—The Best of Husbands—Damp Beds—Youth, Love, and Folly.

QUEEN'S.

The Somnambulist—Rosina—The Maid of Switzerland.

SURREY.

Pizarro—Billy Taylor—The Piedmontese Alps.
Andreas Hofer, the 'Tell' of the Tyrol—Hallowmas Eve—Attar-Gull.

ASTLEY'S.

Mazeppa, or the Wild Horse—Scenes in the Circle—Chevy Chace.

NEW CITY.

The Slave—The Married Bachelor—The Old Bachelor.

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